

THE FLIGHT OF THE "ARMSTRONG" PRIVATEER.

Tell the story to your sons
Of the gallant days of yore!
When the brig of seven guns
Fought the fleet of seven scores.
From the set of sun till morn, through the lone
September night—
Ninety men against two thousand, and the
ninety won the fight
In the harbor of Fayal the Azore.

Three lofty British ships came a-sailing to
Fayal;
One was a line-of-battle ship, and two were
frigates tall;
Nelson's valiant men of war, brave as Britons
ever are,
Manned the guns they served so well at Abou-
kir and Trafalgar.
Lord Dundonald and his fleet at Jamaica far
away
Waited, eager for their coming, fretted sore
at their delay.
There was work for men of mettle ere the
shameful peace was made,
And the sword was overbalanced in the sordid
scales of trade;
There were rebel knaves to swing, there were
prisoners to bring
Home in fetters to Old England for the glory
of the King!

And the setting of the sun and the ebbing of
the tide
Came the great ships one by one, with their
portals open wide,
And the cannon frowning down on the castle
and the town
And the privateer that lay close inside.
Came the eighteen gun Carnation, and the
Rosa, forty-four,
And the triple-decked Plantagenet an admiral's
pennon bore;
And the privateer grew smaller as their top-
masts towered taller,
And she bent her sprigs and anchored by
the castle on the shore.

Spoke the noble Portuguese to the stranger:
"Have no fear;
They are neutral waters these, and your ship
is sacred here
As if fifty stout armadas stood to shelter you
from harm,
For the honor of the Briton will defend you
from his arm."
But the privateer's man said, "Well we know
the Englishmen,
And their faith is written red in the Dartmoor
slaughter pen.
Come what fortune God may send, we will
fight them to the end,
And the mercy of the sharks may spare us
then."

"Seize the pirate who she lies!" cried the
English admiral;
"If the Portuguese protect her, all the worse
for Portugal!"
And four launches at his bidding leaped im-
patient for the fray,
Speeding shoreward where the Armstrong,
grim and dark and ready, lay.
Twice she sailed and gave them warning; but
the feeble menace scorned,
On they came in splendid silence, till a cable's
length away—
Then the Yankee pivot spoke; Pico's thousand
echoes woke;
And four baffled, beaten launches drifted help-
less on the bay.

Then the wrath of Lloyd arose till the lion
roared again,
And he called out all his launches and he
called five hundred men;
And he gave the word "No quarter!" and he
sent them forth to smite.
Heaven help the foe before him when the
Briton comes in might!
Heaven helped the little Armstrong in her
hour of bitterness;
God Almighty nerved the heart and guided
well the arm of Reid.
Launches to port and starboard, launches for-
ward and aft,
Fourteen launches together striking the little
craft.
They hacked at the boarding-nettings, they
swarmed above the rail;
But the Long Tom roared from his pivot and
the grape-shot fell like hail;
Pike and pistol and cutlass, and hearts that
knew not fear,
Sulwarks of brawn and mettle, guarded the
privateer.
And over where fight was fiercest, the form of
Reid was seen;
Ever where foes drew nearest, his quick sword
fell between.

Once in the deadly strife
The boarder's leader pressed
Forward of all the rest
Challenging life for life;
But ere their blades had crossed,
A dying sailor tossed
His pistol to Reid, and cried,
"Now riddle the lubber's hide!"
But the privateer's man laughed, and flung the
weapon aside,
And he drove his blade to the hilt, and the
foeman gasped and died.
Then the boarders took to their launches
laden with hurt and dead,
But little with glory burdened, and out of the
battle fled.
Now the tide was at flood again, and the night
Was almost done,
When the sloop-of-war came up with her odds
of two to one,
And she opened fire; but the Armstrong
answered her gun for gun,
And the gay Carnation wilted in half an hour
of sun.

Then the Armstrong, looking seaward, saw the
mighty seventy-four;
With her triple tier of cannon, drawing
slowly to the shore,
And the dauntless Captain said: "Take our
wounded and our dead,
Bear them tenderly to land, for the Arm-
strong's days are o'er;
But no foe shall tread her deck, and no flag
above it wave—
To the ship that saved our honor we will give
a shipman's grave."
So they did as he commanded, and they bore
their mates to land
With the figurehead of Armstrong and the
good sword in his hand,
Then they turned the Long Tom downward,
and they pierced her oakenside,
and they cheered her, and they blessed her,
and they sank her in the tide.

Tell the story to your sons,

When the haughty stranger boasts
Of his mighty ships and guns
And the muster of his hosts,
How the word of God was witnessed in the
gallant days of yore
When the twenty died from one ere the rising
of the sun
In the harbor of Fayal the Azore!
—[James Jeffrey Roche, in June Century.]

NOT WANTED.

"So you don't want me?" said Jacque-
lina.
"No," said Grandfather Gordon, "I
don't."
The old man sat in the sunshine, smok-
ing a discolored brierwood pipe.
Jacqueline balanced herself on the rail
on the porch, swinging one slim, ill-shod
foot as she looked hard at her ancestor.
"I wish you'd get off that rail an' set
down on the bench like a Christian," ab-
ruptly spoke Mr. Gordon.
"Why?" demanded Jacqueline.
"You'll break it down."
Jacqueline broke into a short laugh.
"I'm not so very heavy," said she.
"Praps not, but that rail is a hundred
years old," crisply spoke the old man.
"And if I did break it I could mend
it!" rebelliously added the girl.
In answer to this Grandfather Gordon
only uttered an inarticulate grunt.
Jacqueline, however, transferred herself
to the narrow wooden bench below, a
seat which she found not near so com-
fortable as the perch.
Grandfather Gordon looked at the
river meadows, where the men were
plowing, and pondered on the crops.
"I don't know where to go," Jacque-
lina presently observed, in rather a
lachrymose tone.
"Go where I did when I was your
age," sharply spoke the old man.
"Where was that?"
"To work. Do suthin. Earn your
own livin'," answered Grandfather Gor-
don, with an explosive puff of smoke
between every sentence. "I earned mine
when I was your age, and now 't I'm old,
I don't calculate to keep free hotel for
my relations."
"But, grandfather," protested Jacque-
lina, "how is a woman to earn her
living?"
"Lots o' ways," he curtly answered.
"I'm sure I could keep house for you
better than old Betsey Poole."
"I'm suited with Betsey."
"And, after all, I'm your grandchild."
"Your father married to suit himself,"
said old Grandfather Gordon, vindictive-
ly crushing a stray spider with his foot.
"I dunno 't I'm bound to put myself out
to suit his darter."
"Well," said Jacqueline, with a long
sigh, "I dare say I can find something to do
in Waxenville. I might turn factory girl,
or take a book agency, or even go out to
service."
To all of which remarks Grandfather
Gordon returned no reply whatsoever.
"Anyhow," said Jacqueline, spurred
to sudden desperation, "I suppose I can
stay here to-night at least!"
"I suppose—so," unwillingly ac-
quiesced the old man. "The stage don't
leave till to-morrow at six o'clock, an' I
s'pose it's too fur for you to walk to
Baker's station."
"What's that tall red brick building
off by the mountain side?" Jacqueline
suddenly asked.
"County jail," he answered, as briefly,
And then he rose and went sulkily into
the house.
"Betsey," he said to his crooked old
factotum in the neglected kitchen, "that
girl'll have to stay all night. Make up a
bed for her in the north chamber."
"Ruff leaks," Betsey laconically an-
swered.
"Well, then, in the little corner room."
"That there windy ain't been fixed since
last September, Equinoctial blowed it
out."
"North-east room, then, with the
Chinese pagodry wall paper."
"Why, that's the room where the
ghost walks," squeaked Betsey.
Grandfather Gordon uttered a muffled
exclamation which savored somewhat of
profanity.
"There ain't no ghost," said he, "An'
if there was, Jacqueline don't know nothin'
'bout it. Fix it up for one night.
That'll be all."
"There ain't nothin' for supper," ob-
served Betsey, who was of a parsimonious
nature, "except just 'nuff cold pork an'
greens for you. I was goin' to make
out on mush an' milk."
"Mush an' milk's good enough for
Silas' darter, I guess," responded the old
man.
And he went back to the porch and
the pipe without further parley.
Jacqueline's place, however, was empty.
The brown, clear eyes, the tawny, red-
dish braids, the cherry, laughing
mouth were gone.
Jacqueline, restless with the unrest
of youth, had started on a journey of in-
spection down in the old orchard, where
the gnarled trees were garlanded in pink
blossom, and a host of tall red lilies
swayed to and fro in the May wind.
Next she peeped into the huddle of
bars and stables, under the hill, patted
the shaggy pony and fed a big-eyed calf
with a withered yellow carrot which she
picked off of a bin.
"If I were a farmer," said Jacqueline, "I
wouldn't let things go to wrack and ruin
like this."
With business-like intentness, she
reached down a huge old-fashioned pis-
tol from its rusty hooks on the inside of
the barn door.
"Trigger bent," she said, to herself.
"Barrel all dented in, but I think it
could be fixed. Anyhow, the charge
ought to be drawn."
Jacqueline's father had been a gun-
smith, and she had acquired somewhat of
his skill in the craft. She eyed the
ancient weapon with scornful amuse-
ment.
"You couldn't fire it off if you were to
try," thought she.
And suddenly straightening up her
slim form, she held the pistol belliger-
ently at arm's length.
"Don't fire! For heaven's sake, don't
fire!"
There was a rustling in a mass of dried
cornstalks in the corner of the barn.
A hollow-eyed man, dressed in rags
that were tied loosely about him with
strings, crept out almost at her very
feet. The pistol dropped to Jacqueline's
side.
"Why, who are you?" she cried.

"Get me something to eat," he stid,
hoarsely. "I've been a day and a night
without food. Who am I? Turn the
barrel of that pistol the other way, and
I'll tell you. I used to have some nerve
once, but it's all gone now. Don't fire.
I'll surrender! I'm the fellow that
escaped from Casanova jail day 'fore yester-
day. I'm layin' low until the first
alarm's blown over, but I can't starve
Get me something to eat for God's sake!"
Jacqueline held tight to the pistol.
"You're sure you're not a burglar?"
said she, a little tremulously.
"I'm no burglar," he answered. "It
was forgery I was sent up for. Can you
help me? Will you?"
"I don't know," said Jacqueline, a
great impulse of pity springing up in her
heart as she noted the hunger-glaring
eyes, the gaunt cheeks, the unshorn
beard of the poor fugitive. "What have
you done with your prison clothes?"
"Buried 'em in the barn cellar. I
found them old overalls and things in the
harness closet," he added, piteously.
"I'll try and find you something bet-
ter," said Jacqueline.
"Stop!" making a grasp at her as she
was turning away. "You won't betray me?"
Jacqueline's brown eyes flashed indigna-
tion at him.
"What do you take me for?" said
she.
And he sank back among the corn-
stalks, a trifle easier in his mind.
Grandfather Gordon still sat on the
porch, smoking, when she returned.
Betsey was stirring mush in a kettle.
Both were rather deaf, and Jacqueline
easily abstracted a few articles from the
milk-room—a yellow pitcher of butter-
milk, the stub-end of a loaf of bread, and
some dyspeptic-looking odds and ends;
and it was easy to take a suit of her old
grandfather's ginger-colored, homespun
clothes from the press under the stairs
and creep silently away.
"It's a good thing I'm going away to-
morrow morning," thought Jacqueline.
"But the very first money I earn I'll pay
Grandfather Gordon for these things—
yes, and with interest, too!"
She fed the poor, escaped wretch, and
gave him clothes to wear, and ended by
sharing with him her financial ail. One
bright silver dollar she kept; the other
she gave to him.
"An' now," said she, "mind you take
a new start in the world!"
"I'll do my best," said he, eagerly
drinking the cool buttermilk, and swal-
lowing the dry bread and leathery ginger
cookies in great gulps. "And if every-
body 'd been as good to me as you have,
I never 'd been where I be now."
"Humph!" muttered old Betsey. "the
gal's wuz a seven-year's famine! Three
ginger snaps an' half a squash pie gone,
besides what she eat at supper-time! We
should be ruined if she stayed here long."
"She's a nice-lookin' gal," said old
Grandfather Gordon. "If I wasn't so
all-fired poor, I should most like to keep
her."
In the middle of the night, Jacqueline,
who slept the sleep of youth and health,
quite undisturbed by any suspicion of
the ghost, was roused by an awful crash,
a blinding blaze that seemed to scorch
her very eyes.
The old house was struck by lightning.
The chimney had settled into a shapeless
mass of ruins. Here and there the tim-
bered sides ablaze, in spite of the
sheets of rain that descended with a
rushing sound like the waves of the sea.
Old Betsey, with a patchwork bed-
quilt wrapped around her, was hobbling
away as fast as she could.
"Betsey! Betsey!" screamed Jacqueline
from the window. "Where's grand-
father?"
"I don't know," croaked the beldame.
"D'ye s'pose I'm goin' to stay and be
burned to death?"
And it was Jacqueline who groped her
way to the old man's room, helped him
to dress, explaining the while what had
happened, and led him down to the old
ice house, the nearest place of shelter,
until the storm was over.
Nor were they any too soon. They had
scarcely got clear of the old house before
the charred beams fell in, and only a
framework of fire remained, luridly out-
lined against the ink-black sky.
With morning light the terrible tem-
pest past; but there lay the smoking
heap of ruins where the hundred-year-old
Gordon homestead had stood in the red
silence of sunset.
"We'll build it up ag'in, Jacqueline—
we'll build it up," said the old man,
feebly. "It's the place where I was born,
and the place where I calculate to die—
where I should ha' died last night. Jac-
queline, if it hadn't been for you. Where
you been my girl? Your shoes are soaked
with the wet grass, and you look as white
as death."
"Only to the barn," said Jacqueline,
"to see if all was right there. The pony
is safe, and the little calf and all. Now,
grandfather, good by! The stage goes at
six, you know, an'—"
"Well, let it go," said Grandfather
Gordon. "You ain't goin'." You stood
by me when Betsey Poole would 'a' left
the old man to die like a roasted rat in
a trap. You saved my life. D'ye think
I'm goin' to let you go now?"
"Oh, grandfather, then—then you
want me after all?" sobbed Jacqueline.
"Yes, I do want you. An' I mean to
keep you always. I've got more money
in the bank than folks know anything
about, an' I guess we can build up the
old house nice and comfortable, and live
there an' be happy, you an' I."
"But grandfather, I must tell you
first—"
A full confession was trembling on
Jacqueline's lips, when one of the neigh-
bors came running up the hill.
"Hond the news?" said he. "There's
been a big landslide down over the rail-
road at Cooper's Bend, and the express
would be wrecked, sure as guns, if
it hadn't been signalled with a red silk
hangkecher tied round a lantern, and the
lantern's your old barn light. Squire
Gordon! An' the feller that signalled it
an' saved all the lives in the train was
that runaway chap from Casanova jail;
an', as it happened, the warden himself
was on the train, an' he says it'll be a
queer thing if they don't get the gov-
ernor to sign a pardon for him. For he
might 'a' took to his heels an' run away;
but he got captured savin' the express
train. An' he saved it, too—yes, he
did!"
"From Casanova jail!" repeated Grand-

father Gordon. "What runaway chap?"
And then Jacqueline took fresh cour-
age and told him all the simple story.
"My girl," said he, stroking her red-
brown hair, "you done right. You're a
good girl, Jacqueline. Ain't there some-
thing in the Bible about 'him that
is ready to perish'? Yes, Jacqueline, I
want you more than ever now."
And so, in the storm of that May night,
a new career was opened alike to inno-
cent Jacqueline Gordon and the guilty
wretch who had been condemned to Cas-
anova jail for forgery.
Truly there was yet a place in the
world for them. They were both "want-
ed."—[Saturday Night.]

A FRENCH TELEGRAPH STORY.

How a Young Girl Outwitted the Ger-
mans During the Franco-German War.

In the Franco-German war of 1870 the
'Uhlans played havoc with the French
telegraph wires, says the Pall Mall Bud-
get. On arriving at a village they would
ride up to the telegraph office, cut off the
connections, and carry off the apparatus,
or else employ it to deceive the enemy.
They were outwitted, however, on one
occasion, and by a woman. Mlle. Juliette
Dodu, a girl of 18, was director of the
telegraph station at Pithiviers, where she
lived with her mother when the Prus-
sians entered the town. They took pos-
session of the station, and turning out the
two women confined them to their dwell-
ing on a high floor. It happened that
the wire from the office, in running to
the pole on the roof, passed by the door
of the girl's room, and she contrived the
idea of tapping the Prussian messages.
She had contrived to keep the telegraph
instrument, and by means of a connection
with the wire was able to carry out her
purpose. Important telegrams of the
enemy were thus obtained and secretly
communicated to the subprefect of the
town, who conveyed them across the
Prussian lines to the French commander.
Mlle. Dodu and her mother were
both arrested and proofs of their guilt
were soon discovered. They were
brought before a court martial and speedily
condemned to death, but the sentence
had to be confirmed by the commander
of the corps d'armee, Prince Frederick
Charles, who, having spoken with Mlle.
Dodu on several occasions, desired her
to be produced. He inquired her motive
in committing so grave a breach of what
is called the "laws of war." The girl re-
plied: "Je suis Francaise" (I am a
Frenchwoman). The prince confirmed
the sentence, but happily, before it was
executed the news of the armistice ar-
rived and saved her life. In 1878 this
telegraphic heroine was in charge of the
postoffice at Montreuil, near Vincennes,
and on Aug. 18 she was decorated with
the Legion of Honor by Marshal McMah-
on, president of the republic.

AROUND THE HOUSE.

Housewives who are troubled with salt
becoming damp and caking in the castors
in this humid weather should mix a little
corn starch with it.

Unsightly marks caused by the drip-
ping of water in marble basins or water-
closet bowls may be removed by rubbing
with a cloth or old tooth brush dipped in
pulverized chalk or ammonia.

There is nothing more useful about a
kitchen than salt-soda. It will, dissolved
in a little water, remove grease from any-
thing, and there is nothing like it for
cleaning an iron sink. It is also the very
best thing for cleaning hair brushes,
which, by the way, should be cleaned
much more frequently than they are.

A very simple way of preventing moths
from laying their eggs in a bureau is to
insert a bottle of chloroform a few
minutes in each drawer; or, better still,
drop a few drops of the liquid in the
drawer itself. If a garment is properly
brushed and well wrapped in a news-
paper, moths will never get near it as they
seem to have a great dislike to the press.
Speaking of predatory insects, however,
the little black cricket is more destructive
to clothes in the summer than is the
moth itself; moreover, he eats anything
and everything, and as he attacks one's
every-day working apparel it is impossible
to drive him away with powders and bad
odors.

A Thief in Calf-skin.

Bill Damptrann, a miner operating on
Sabo Creek, in Idaho County, Idaho,
missed a great deal of rich amalgam from
his sluice boxes. He watched for the
thief, and night after night slept near the
sluice, but without a result. He often saw
a calf nibbling the grass near the boxes,
and drinking the muddy water that
trickled over the sluice. He paid no
attention to it. The thefts of amalgam
continued, and one night last week, when
the calf appeared, the miner in sheer
wantonness, fired a charge of buckshot at
its flanks. He supposed the animal uttered
a cry, rose upon its hind legs, staggered
and fell. It proved to be a young woman
who had been living on a neighboring
ranch disguised as a man. William sent
thirty miles for a surgeon, but the girl
bled to death before he arrived.—[New
York Witness.]

Rabbits to Reap the Oat Crop.

A syndicate of Blakely (Ga.) gentle-
men is forming for the purpose of reap-
ing the oat crop around Blakely. The
long drought on this crop has made it
grow extremely low, too low, in fact, to
be cut in the ordinary manner. Some
enterprising genius has suggested the
idea of tying reap hooks to the tails of
rabbits, then turning them loose in the
oat fields. At first this idea seemed im-
practicable, on account of the bouncing
motion of these animals when running;
but by an ingenious appliance devised by
Messrs. Buchanan & Rich this will be
obviated, and the rabbits be made to run in a
uniform circle or straight line as desired.
The plan promises grand results, though
we are opposed to it on purely personal
grounds.—[Atlanta Constitution.]

A stove that has become rusted from
disuse will be restored by rubbing it
thoroughly with lard. Stovepipes may
also be preserved the same way.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN
OF THE PRESS.

Rare Ains—An Improving Process—
Told Him Why—How to be Happy
Though Married—Etc., Etc.

RARE AINS.
"Oh! what is so rare as a day in June?"
Asked a poet whose harp now is dumb:
Well, the trembling notes of a soulful
tune
That our grandfathers used to hum,
As they lallygagged in the light of the
moon,
And nothing could drag them from
The side of the girls with whom they'd
spoon. —[New York Journal.]

AN IMPROVING PROCESS.
"A day is something like a horse in
one respect," said McCorkle, meditatively.
"What respect is that?" asked Mc-
Crackle.
"Each has to go through the breaking
process before it is of much use."

TOLD HIM WHY.
Mr. Niccelfo (cautiously)—Why are
you so cold and distant?
Sweet girl (quietly)—The fire has gone
out, and the sofa is too heavy for me to
move up to your chair.—[New York
Weekly.]

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED.
"This is angel cake," said the young
husband to the young wife as he ate of
the first cake she had made for him.
"No," she said, "it is a common raisin
cake."
"I know better," he returned, "it is
angel cake."
"What makes you so positive?"
"Because an angel made it."—[New
York Press.]

THE BOY FIGHT SAPE.
Father, to youthful son—Now, look
here, my laddie, if you ever do that
again I'll make you smart for it.
Son—You can't do it. Teacher says
I was born stupid and no power on earth
can make me smart.

A DISCOVERY MADE TOO LATE.
Wife—Did you expect to marry an
angel when you married me?
Husband—I did.
Wife—Well, I knew I wasn't one.
Husband—Yes, but I didn't.

A SAFE BUSINESS.
"Turned burglar, did he?"
"He did."
"Was he ever caught?"
"No, he was a safe burglar."

TRUTH IN A JOKE.
The humorist's little daughter com-
plained that something had happened to
the little express wagon that she was
drawing up and down the walk. The
humorist found that the tongue was out
of place. He fixed it.
"What are you doing there?" a friend
asked.
"I am regulating the tongue of the lit-
tle one's wagon," was the reply.
"Do you find it difficult?"
"Not so difficult as it would be to
regulate the waggin' of the little one's
tongue."—[New York Press.]

A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE.
"Now," said the physician, "you will
have to eat plain food and not stay out
late at night."
"Yes," replied the patient, "that is
what I have been thinking ever since you
sent in your bill."—[Judge.]

WHY THE SALE FELL THROUGH.
Customer (at bird store)—You can
vouch for this parrot, I presume?
Dealer—I think I can, ma'am. He
lived for nearly six years in a Boston
family.
Parrot—Hooray for John L. Sullivan!
He's the duck for my money!—[Chicago
Tribune.]

NO USE FOR TONIC.
"I've been taking nerve tonic," said
Willie Washington, "and it has worked
first rate, don't you know?"
"Indeed."
"Yes. I called on Miss Bankins last
night, and the first thing her faithful said
to me was: 'Well, young man, I like
your nerve.'"
"Is young Golt still sowing his wild
oats?"
"No, he is now reaping the crop."
"How do you make that out?"
"I saw him yesterday make several un-
successful attempts to borrow a dollar."

SOME DIFFERENCE.
Druggist—There you are, sir. One
twenty-five.
Customer—Excuse me, but I'm in the
trade.
Druggist—Oh, I beg pardon. Ten
cents.

WHO HE IS.
When one talks of hereditaments, mis-
prisions, and indentures,
Of chattels and of mortgages, of choses
and debentures,
Of assumpsit, debt, and covenant, of
trespass and attainders,
Of writs of habas corpus, of reversions
and remainders,
Of attaching and conveyancing, of signi-
fying and indorsing,
Of femmes, both sole and covert, separa-
ting and divorcing,
Of words of twenty letters, which you'd
think would break his jaw,
You will then know that the fellow's just
begun to study law. —[Life.]

HE COULD SEE.
"I can't for the life of me see what
you find in Miss Flynn to admire," said
Mrs. Bloombumper to her son, "She
neither sings nor plays the piano."
"What more could I desire?" said
young Bloombumper.

APPREHENSIVE.
Sweet Little Girl (singing)—I want
to be an angel.
Mr. Niccelfo—Have patience. You'll
grow.—[Street & Smith's Good News.]

THE HOUSE WAS SAFE.
Mrs. Tomdick—Are you not afraid with
Mr. Hojack away so much?
Mrs. Hojack—O, not at all. The po-
liceman on this beat is engaged to my
cook.—[Detroit Free Press.]

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.
Daughter (forcibly)—I wouldn't marry
the best man in the world if he were ad-
dicted to strong drink.
Mother (gently)—If he were, my dear,
he would not be the best man in the
world.—[Detroit Free Press.]

CHANGE IN THE WEATHER.
Mrs. Spinks—Where is the money you
have been saving up for a rainy day?
Mr. Spinks—In the Neverbreak Sav-
ings Bank.
Mrs. Spinks—Well, give me a check
for some of it. I want a new waterproof.
—[New York Weekly.]

APPLICATION.
Dr. Emdee—The best thing for a
stomachache is mustard, and you can ap-
ply it yourself, as you like.
Hicks—By George, I'll do that the
minute I get home! I'll put it on a sand-
wich.—[New York Herald.]

EVIDENTLY IN THE BLOOD.
"Gayboy was evidently born with a
hereditary predisposition to get tight."
"Think so?"
"Yes, he used to drink hard."
"I know, but he gave that up."
"Yes, and everybody thought him
cured."
"He is, isn't he?"
"He was telling me last night that he
was intoxicated with a girl."—[New
York Press.]

ELEVATION DESIRABLE.
Lady (with high hat)—I beg your par-
don, but I forgot my opera glasses.
Would you kindly lend me yours just a
moment?
Trant Man (in seat behind)—Very
sorry, madam, but I need it to sit on.—
[New York Weekly.]

OPERATIC-ASTRONOMIC.
I paid five dollars to see the star,
But many's the slip 'twixt the cup and
the lips—
I sat behind a theatre hat,
I saw no star—'twas a total eclipse!
—[Frank Leslie's.]

WELL SAID.
"When the girl is shy and offish,"
said Cleangone, "courtship is mighty
hard work."
"It may be," said Getthere, "but it is
a kind of work that a man generally
puts his heart into."

EXCUSE FOR BAD ROADS.
Bicyclist (in disgust)—Why do you
have such abominable roads in this sec-
tion?
Farmer—Well, you see, we're afraid
if we made 'em any better your bicycle
fellers will be usin' 'em.—[Good News.]

ACCOUNTED FOR.
"We're about five minutes late this
morning," said the passenger.
"No, sir," said the conductor. "You
forget that you are on the long car of a
very long train."—[Harper's Bazar.]

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.
"I have come to the conclusion that
you are a paradox, Miss Loverly," said
the youth, addressing the fair maiden.
"A paradox! How do you make that
out?"
"You are the gentlest and most am-
able young lady in the world."
"Well!"
"And yet you always look killing."—
[New York Press.]

THE WRONG ANSWER.
"Ma, what is this cool pool I read about
in the papers?" asked little Johnny.
"I'm sure I don't know," was the re-
ply, "unless it is where the miners go in
swimming."—[Texas Sittings.]

SUVENIRS.
She—It is positively shocking how
many rings that St. Louis girl wears at
one time.
He—You must remember she's been
engaged eleven times.—[Frank Leslie's.]

THE DIFFERENCE.
"Your practice will kill you," said the
doctor to the young woman suffering
from too much piano playing.
"That's all right," she responded sphi-
tfully, "your kills other people."—
[Detroit Free Press.]

NEVER IN A PROPER CONDITION.
"Captain," said Mrs. Trotter to the
commander of an ocean steamer, "have
you ever seen the sea serpent?"
"No, madam," replied the old sea dog.
"I don't drink."

OUT OF SIGHT.
Miss Blossom—I didn't see you at the
Barclay ball.
Miss Burd—It was probably because
I was surrounded by men all the time.

TEMPORARILY.
He—Will you be mine?
She—Yes, until we are married. Then
you will be mine.

POPULAR SCIENCE NOTES.
A new method of impregnating logs
with zinc chloride in order to preserve
them is now in use in Austria, being
known as the Pfister process. The tim-
ber is impregnated in the forest as soon
as possible after it is felled.

It is said that an excellent cure for
lameness in horses is to put them into a
swimming tank. In swimming the horse
takes the same or even more violent ex-
ercise than he would trotting on the
track, while there can be no injury to feet
or limbs.
According to Lord Rayleigh, if the
heat engines of the future are at all
analogous to our present steam engines,
either the water, as the substance first
heated, will be replaced by a fluid of less
inherent volatility, or else the volatility
of the water will be restrained by the
addition to it of some body held in
solution.
With the object of avoiding the diffi-
culty experienced in photography of
obtaining a distinct foreground and back-
ground at the same time, a leading French
photographer fits his camera with two
shutters, one for the foreground and the
other for the background, giving that for
the former a greater and variable degree
of opening.